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People send to us from all over the United States for Coachmen's hats, they are so superior.

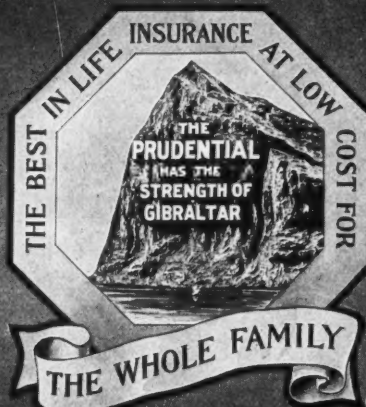
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Broadway at
Bedford Av.,
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The End of the Season

FOUR IDYLIC SUBJECTS

By

W. BALFOUR KER

Uniform in Size, 15x20 Inches

\$1.00 Each, Postpaid

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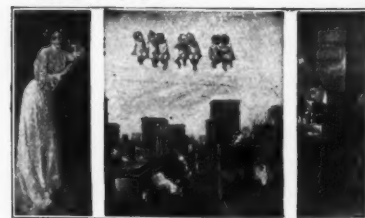
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New York

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A Suggestion

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"Somebody on the Wire"

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Dreaming

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BETWEEN
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KANSAS CITY
AND
PEORIA

Handsome, most
luxurious trains in the
world; completely
rock-ballasted road-
bed, no dust, no dirt,
no smoke, no cinders.



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Sequel to the famous
"Fencing" and "Cow-Boy"
Girl Art Calendars.

THE
ALTON'S
1905
GYPSY
GIRL

ART
CALENDAR

FIVE SHEETS, EACH 10 X 15 INCHES
SEND 25 CTS.

with name of publication in which you read this advertise-
ment, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent,
Chicago & Alton Railway, Lock Box 618 CHICAGO, ILL.,
and get the handsomest calendar of the year. Four graceful
poses in colors, unmarred by advertisements and ready for
framing.

Can You Shave?

Rub a little "3 in One"
on your razor strop till
leather becomes soft and
pliable; draw razor blade
between thumb and finger
moistened with "3 in One";
then strop. The razor cuts
5 times as easy and clean;
holds the edge longer. "A
Razor Saver for Every
Shaver" which gives the
scientific reasons, and a
generous trial bottle sent
free. Write to-day.

G. W. COLE CO.,
133 Washington Life Bldg.
New York.

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DESK CO.**

RETAILERS OF
DESKS
AND
Office Furniture
AT
EXPORT PRICES

15 STONE ST.
NEXT PRODUCE EXCHANGE

With a Telephone

the entire resources
of this great city are
brought within im-
mediate reach.

HAVE YOU A TELEPHONE?

**New York Telephone Co.
15 Day Street.**

No Hunting in Palestine.

THE late Bishop Beckwith of Georgia was
fond of his gun and spent much of his
time hunting, says a Representative from that
State. One day the Bishop was out with dog
and gun and met a member of his parish whom
he reproved for inattention to his religious
duties.

"You should attend church and read your
Bible," said the Bishop.

"I do read my Bible, Bishop," was the an-
swer, "and I don't find any mention of the
apostles going a-shooting."

"No," replied the Bishop, "the shooting was
very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing in-
stead."—Nashville Banner.

WHEN a quick double shot is made with a
two-trigger gun, the sportsman does not
realize that his entire hand is unclasped and
re-gripped—a fruitful source of missing with
the second barrel. Get a Hunter One-trigger
on a Smith Hammerless, and note the differ-
ence. Send for illustrated catalogue. Hunter
Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.

Dog Captures a Burglar.

OBSERVING a light in an unoccupied
house in Geneva one night recently, a
policeman entered by a window and left a
trained police dog on guard outside.

Almost immediately a man pushed past him
and dashed out of the house, but was promptly
seized by the dog, which sprang at his throat.

A terrible struggle ensued, but the animal,
although half stunned by blows from a
"jimmy," succeeded in bringing the burglar, a
notorious criminal, to the ground, where it
held him till its master came and secured the
captive.—London Daily Mail.

SPANGLES & EMB. MATERIALS.

BEADS FOR BAGS AND CHAINS, Curves,
Gold Threads, Cross Stitch Materials,
Tapestry Silks and Wools, Lace Braids.

EVERYTHING YOU CAN THINK OF IN THIS LINE
that can't be had elsewhere. Send stamps for mail list. Est. 1860.

PETER BENDER, IMPORTER, 111 E. 9th ST., N. Y.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL



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PHONOGRAPH
with Edison Gold
Moulded Records is
perfect beyond belief
till you hear it.

Dealers everywhere will tell you that this is
true and prove it on the spot, but if there is
no dealer near you write to us for catalogue.

A Most Acceptable
Holiday Gift.

National Phonograph Co., Orange, N. J.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO LONDON

L.C.S. Language courses taught by Edison Phonograph

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15,801 tons, one of the finest, largest and
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February 2 to April 13, 1905.

Seventy days, costing only \$400 and up,
including shore excursions.

SPECIAL FEATURES: Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Algiers,
Malta, 19 days in Egypt and the Holy Land, Constantinople,
Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc. Tickets good to stop over in Europe.
FRANK C. CLARK, 113 Broadway, New York.

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YOSEMITE VALLEY

where trees attain an age of

9,000 YEARS

and a height of over

400 FEET

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NEW YORK, 349 Broadway
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SYRACUSE, 129 So. Franklin St.

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CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO

VIA THE

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

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For particulars, inquire of ticket agents of the New York Central Lines, or enclose a two-cent stamp for a copy of "America's Winter Resorts," to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.



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IN GREAT VARIETY OF STYLE
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Silversmiths,
BROADWAY & 18TH ST.
New York.



YOU'LL BE SURPRISED
AT THE FUN YOU'LL GET OUT OF

TOMFOOLERY

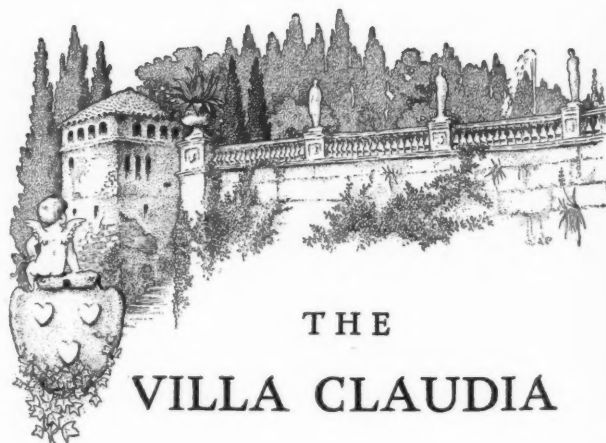
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J. M. FLAGG

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Price, 75 Cents

Of All Booksellers and Newsdealers, or Post-free on Receipt of Price

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17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET - - NEW YORK



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By J. A. Mitchell, author of "Amos Judd,"
"The Last American," "The Pines of Lory,"
etc. Fifty decorative designs.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY. \$1.50

"Most absorbing."—*New York Times*.

LIFE



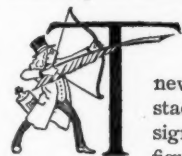
"HOW MUCH SUGAR SHALL I PUT ON YOUR GRAPEFRUIT, EMILY?"
 "TOO MUCH, PLEASE, AUNTIE."

Overworking the Sick.

PUBLIC confidence in the bubble-scorchers who give out, when arrested, that they are hastening to the bedsides of sick relatives is appreciably impaired. The sick relative has been too hard worked. Scorchers who make that plea are now invited to produce a physician's certificate, and deposit bail, and sometimes to leave their cars at the police station. It should be understood that nothing is more likely to delay the presence of any citizen at the bedside of any related sufferer, than an attempt to get there with unlawful haste in an automobile. The proper

vehicles in cases where speed is urgent are cabs, street cars, and railroad trains. Even these vehicles are subject to delays. When it is imperative to arrive, go afoot.

The Fly in the Subway Ointment.



HE one disgusting thing about the new Subway is the stacks of advertising signs waiting to disfigure the pretty tile walls of the new stations. It is a public outrage that the comeliness of the Subway should be sacrificed

to the profits of advertising. The billboard advertising on the stairs and station platforms of the Elevated has long been an abomination. Has the Interborough Company, operating both Subway and Elevated Railroad, a valid right under its charters to make eyesores of these two great public utilities? The advertisements in the cars are not objectionable; those on the walls of stations and the railings of platforms are a gross offense to the aesthetic sense of the public. Is there neither man nor organization that will make a fight to keep advertisements out of the Subway and to put them off the Elevated Stations?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

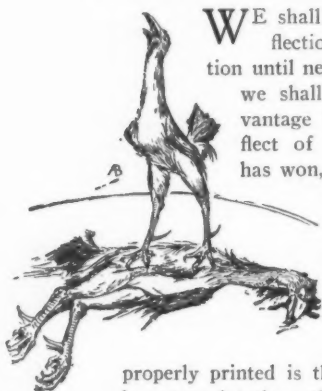
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WE shall defer our reflections on the election until next week, when we shall have the advantage before we reflect of knowing who has won, and how substantial a victory he pulled off. One of the drawbacks of picture papers that are properly printed is that it takes so long to print them that history becomes ancient while they are on the press. We presume that the speculative citizens who at this writing are offering odds of 4 to 1 on Roosevelt have correctly forecast the decision of the voters.

The great issues which a thoughtful and instructive campaign finally developed were the Tariff and the Trusts. They are permanent and important, and they will be fought over again, and much more resolutely than this time. To meddle effectively with them may disturb business, and many innocent people may suffer. The Trusts won't be regulated nor the Tariff revised until the fear of the consequences of letting them alone overcomes the fear of the consequences of operating on them. It will come about, though, in time, and meanwhile we ought all to study how we want it done. No wise plan for accomplishing it will ever be wrought out in detail in the heat of a political cam-

paign. An election may decree the work, but the work itself is a job for the wisest experts.



WHOM is Japan fighting? Russia. Yes, apparently; but whom is she really fighting? All Russia? No. She may have a limitless number of Russians marshalled against her. In the course of time they may wear her out and crush her by numbers; nevertheless, her fight is not really with all Russia, but with an incompetent Czar and a squad of Grand Dukes and reactionary officials. It is nearer the truth to say that Japan is fighting for the Russians than against them. Russia's predicament is pitiable. It is past all dispute that the Czar is weak and stupid, and under control of uncles and cousins whose sole idea of government is despotism. Some of these props to the Russian throne are rascals and thieves, who steal the public moneys; some are brutes, and some are both. Working with them is that cruel bigot Pobyedonostseff, the head of the Russian Church. He and the favorite Grand Dukes are the real government of Russia; a government of ignorance by superstition, corruption and tyranny. This is the power that has wantonly subverted the liberties of Finland, that year after year imprisons or drives out the best minds and most generous hearts of the Empire. This is the power that incurred by its arrogance and stupidity the war with Japan. Russia cannot progress under the dreadful incubus of her present government. She has immense resources and a sturdy population that has engaging traits, but she needs a political revolution, that will either put the present Czar out of business altogether, or give him a new set of keepers who will be accountable to some one besides themselves.



AT this writing the papers have a new batch of news from Port Arthur, and there are fresh speculations about the fall of that stronghold. But the

great question is when will the stronghold of despotism at St. Petersburg capitulate? Can the Japanese hit hard enough to bring down Russian despotism, to win back constitutional liberty for Finland, to win religious liberty for the enrolled members of the Russian Church? We heartily hope they can. To our mind, it is the Japanese who are fighting for Russia. The gallant Stoessel making his desperate defence of Port Arthur, and Kouropatkin obstinately selling life for life in Northern Manchuria, are fighting, sad to say, for the incompetent Czar, his fanatical high priest and his impassible kinsfolk. The two generals are good men; they are doing their duty. We honor them for their fortitude and their fidelity. If we hope the Japs will win, we hope so chiefly because that way seems to lie Russia's best hope.



WE have been trying to fit epithets to those Subway advertisements, and find that none gives us more relief than to call them a perfidious outrage. They are an outrage; everybody will agree to that. Are they not also perfidious? Part of the pain of them has been the shock. Nobody expected them. To hire the Subway from the city and nail those atrocious signs up on its pretty tile walls was as sly and reprehensible a bit of sharp practice as to hire a house in a good neighborhood and plaster its front with showbills. It is positively immoral, besides being unsanitary, to abuse a piece of public property as the Interborough people wish to abuse the Subway in the matter of those signs. The unspeakable Pallas made a laughing stock of the people of New York by painting advertisements on the Public Library fence. We let him live, partly because we had to; partly because, in a comparatively short time, both he and the disfigured fence will be swept away out of public sight. But the Subway signs will be a blight on taste for fifty years unless they can be abated. Have we not reached a stage in civilization where offences of this nature can be dealt with?



COMPARATIVE EVOLUTION.

The Monk: AND AFTER ALL I'VE DONE TO MAKE THEM A CREDIT TO THE FAMILY!

In Memoriam.

THE proposal to erect a monument to the memory of Shakespeare comes none too soon. The monument erected by himself, namely, the English language, has been mutilated by Vandals out of all semblance of its original beauty. Nobody speaks the speech as he pronounced it to us, and as for the writing of it, we are almost as far afield.

The fact is, to be quite blunt, unless something garish and obtrusive is made out of granite or bronze and set up somewhere right away, Shakespeare will presently have been forgotten. Is there a single cigar named for him? Or a hat? Or a collar? These things are significant.

It is true we have now and then a revival of Shakespeare, whereby he is sufficiently revived to turn in his grave, no doubt, but withal left deadlier than ever. A public made fastidious by the Girl from Any Old Where, the Rococco Brothers in Gehenna, and McNamara's Row of Tin Babies is not likely to be touched by the spectacle of a sixteenth century poet tricked out in the gewgaws

of modern stagecraft, and naturally exclaims: "Who is de guy, anyhow?"

Temperance.

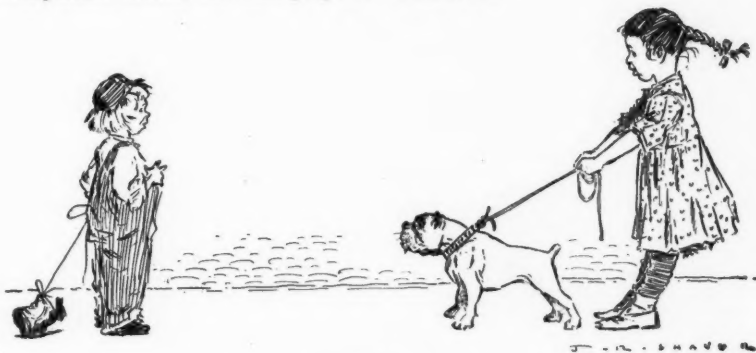
Champagne-bottle shoulders are coming in again.—*Fashion Note.*

CONSTANTLY recurring hints of the existence of the drink-habit among women of the leisure classes are truly disquieting. Where there is so much smoke, there surely is some fire.

In the meanwhile, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the chief props of

morality in our country, perhaps, are quarreling as to which of them first discovered alcohol lurking in patent medicines. Were it not more to the interest of temperance for them to kiss and make up, and together go after the champagne-bottle shoulders?

If it prove already too late to head these off wholly, it may still be possible to compel them to be modified into pop, or, at worst, good, pure, beer-bottle shoulders. Half a loaf is better than no loaf at all.



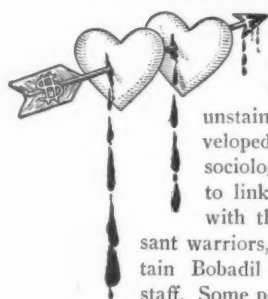
PROBABLY NOT.

Patsy: I AIN'T A-GOIN' TO TIE NO TIN CAN TO HIS TAIL. HONEST, I AIN'T.



HOW HE ESCAPED FROM HIS BORDER.

Militarism and Matrimony.



MAJOR-GENERAL CORBIN, who has rank, reputation, and a record unstained by blood, has developed a genius for military sociology, which bids fair to link his name and fame with those merry and puissant warriors, General Boom, Captain Bobadil and Corporal Fallstaff. Some pens are mightier than swords; but only a hero may tackle Dan Cupid's bow and shaft with a goose quill.

The retiring modesty of Fabius gave him fame; Cæsar's commentary on Gaul made him the patron saint of the passionate press agent; Napoleon soared with his pen and pained with his sword to make his mark; Buller cowering on the Kaffir veldt inked himself to glory; the seats of the mighty crushed Spain when Shafter sat down at Santiago; and yet all these warriors seem faded and feeble since Corbin dauntlessly denounced the frontal attacks of Cupid on West Point, the dangers of feminine forays on unprotected armies, the ravages of

matrimony among inexperienced warriors, the perils of poverty in post and camp; and since he fearlessly, even grimly, laid down the pregnant proposition, that celibacy is as essential to military success as caissons, cartridges, cavalry and khaki.

The greatest military power of Europe, Germany, has shown that marriage without money breeds debt and bans discipline; and it insists that Teutonic warriors pursue the almighty dollar and capture the easy mark before marriage. This principle must be applied to the American army; military preparedness must be supplemented by matrimonial preparedness; the American gold standard must oust the archaic rag baby; and the sacred doctrine of the protective tariff must guard and nourish the infant industries of our army. Our young officers must take this principle to heart; they must array themselves in their most alluring military millinery and storm the Four Hundred; and patriotism and pride should urge them to prevent the exportation of our giddy, golden girls to fatten the fallen fortunes of Europe's effete aristocracies.

The introduction of Corbin's cash-

carrier celibacy as a code in military life is perilous and denotes courage, since it runs counter to the Presidential propaganda against race suicide; and as it inevitably arrays the sex against this bottle-scarred hero, Washington may know him no more, and his old age may fizzle out among the palms and pajamas of the Philippines. Be that as it may, the monograph on military matrimony will endure to excite the wrath and mirth of belligerent bachelors, and to mark its writer as an adaptive, if not original genius. It will show to marvelling generations that it is possible to be ignorant of two great principles and yet to combine both with success; it will prove to a grinning and irreverent age that intuition is better tuition and that genius is a darn sight better than experience.

When next the army rises after dinner to drink "Sweethearts and Wives," it will please add "Corbin and Celibacy."

Joseph Smith.

ALGY: It takes three generations to make a gentleman, you know.

PENELOPE: What a chap you are for looking ahead.



The Constant Reader.



FROM the books that appear
In the course of the year
I turn with decided ennui,
And a feeling of strain
At the back of the brain.
Is it something in them
or in me?

Those historical tales
Of Old France and Old Wales,
In days when there never was peace,
With terrific attacks
Made by Otto the Axe
On Guido the Gimlet of Nice,—
I read that collection
With just one reflection,—
Thank Heaven, we have the police!

Nor can I endorse
The remarkable course
Of some recent narratives rude,
Where the writer takes jaunts
To the animals' haunts
And shows us their life in the nude;
Such as, "Traps I Have Set,"
Or "Bears I Have Met,"
Or "Beasts I Have Tried to Elude."

There's the nautical tale,
Where they keep "making sail,"—
A ludicrous statement, if true,
Implying that sailors
Are amateur tailors,
With no occupation in view.
Then in dangerous cases,
They just "shift their braces."
It's called "a tight squeeze," when they do.

They've a skipper who rages
Through two hundred pages,
Profanely abusing the crew;

He won't give them enough
Of the poorest plum duff,—
A mutiny's bound to ensue.
But the skipper stays drunk
In his eighteen-inch bunk,
Just letting the mutiny "brew."

More than all do I watch
For the novel in Scotch;
Its merit I freely admit.
It only needs telling
With rational spelling
To make a miraculous hit;
But when I see "braw,"
"Unco guid," "hoot awa,"
I get indigestion and quit.

I think if we saw
A new criminal law,
That if anyone enters the ranks
Of those who write fiction
And perpetrates diction,
Apparently Gaelic or Manx,
The offense every time
Is a capital crime,
The law would be greeted with thanks.

Stephen Leacock.



ARE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS A BLESSING OR A NUISANCE?

FOR the best answer to this question, contained in five
hundred words or less, LIFE will give fifty dollars.
Correspondents may treat the subject in any way they
prefer.

As our question applies only to adults, it meets with the
full approval of Santa Claus.





A PAIR OF WINNERS.

A Japanese Loss.

IT isn't exactly a military success, but the fact that the American surgeons have got the appendix out of the Japanese Minister indicates what might happen if the Mikado and our Uncle Sam had a difference. At any rate, it was a more creditable operation than the Russian victory over the Hull fishing fleet. And Minister Takahira is getting well. That is creditable, also, and welcome news.

THE Episcopal Convention to would-be divorcees: Better hate than sever.

All He Asked.

"I HAVE a favor to ask of you." As he spoke, the visitor looked appealingly at the agent of the automobile house, who scanned his face closely.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, sir," he observed, "you are the gentleman to whom we sold a second-hand auto two weeks ago."

The other man smiled a pathetic smile.

"I am that unhappy man, sir," he observed.

"And your favor?"

"Is this. In order to make that machine go, I found I had to put in a new chain; this necessitated new front and rear sprockets, which meant new bearings. Then I put in a new fly-wheel, new gears, new ball bearings, new carbureter, new tanks, new circulating system, including gear pump and radiators; also new back and front, new tires and new inner tubes. And now, my dear sir, having gotten the old thing so I can worry it back and forth twice a day to and from the station, I want to know if you would have any objection to supplying me with two feet of one-inch rubber hose pipe at the regular discount to the trade."

Tom Masson.

A Distinction.

HE: So your father asked you what you saw in me to admire?

SHE: Oh, no. He asked me what I imagined I saw.



AFTER THE ELECTION.
THE RIVAL CANDIDATES.



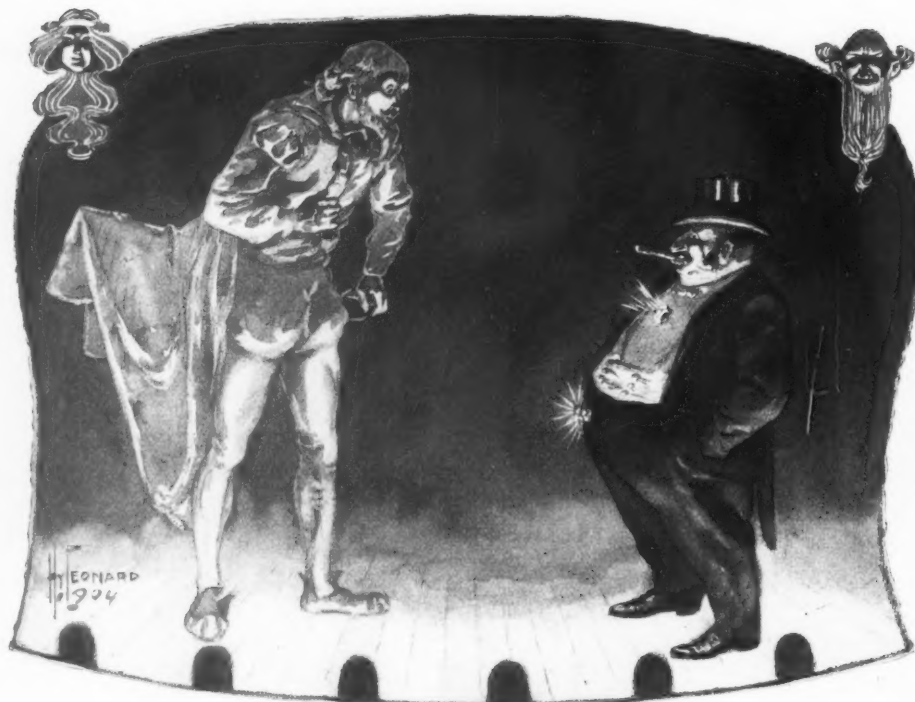
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THE HIGH JUMP

LIFE.



THE HIGH JUMP.



Both: WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



Much Ado About Bird Center and May Irwin's Bequest.



HAVING reduced to starvation that class of theatre-goers who insist on seeing something of tangible merit or staying away from the theatre, the Theatrical Trust, with its usual Baxter-street methods, proceeds to push up the price on their necessities. Anything like an adequate presentation of Shakespeare's plays is bound to attract a class of patronage which is not drawn by the Trust's ordinary bait. Therefore, it is easy to turn Shakespeare into money by pushing up the price of admission, as has been done during the present engagement of Mr. Sothern and Julia Marlowe. This might be justifiable, if either or both of these artists were entitled to the laurel of greatness, or even if the production were on a scale of magnificence or peculiarly artistic excellence, none of which merits it may honestly claim.

The performance is a fairly creditable one, but it lacks in the spirit

of gayety which should be its predominant note. Julia Marlowe almost seizes it, but her archness is tinged with a matronly smoothness rather than with the brilliancy of the witty spinster who copes so successfully with the awkward gallantry of that old campaigner, *Benedick*. In the latter character Mr. Sothern's elocution becomes a more curious study than ever. In his effort to escape from his customary plaintive tones and give to *Benedick* the air of jollity called for, Mr. Sothern emphasizes almost every alternate word with an explosion of tone, which soon grows to be as exasperating as the falling cadence which he seems to find it impossible entirely to avoid. Mr. Sothern's admirers, however, are so loyal that they never notice these defects, and it is a thankless task to bring them to notice in these days, when the box-office test is the only one by which to measure an artist's capability. Mr. Harrison Hunter's *Don Pedro*, although marred somewhat by his Anglicisms, was a most agreeable performance. *Dogberry*, as we all know, is a low-comedy part, but Mr. Buckstone carries him down into depths where the true comedy of the lines practically disappears. The *Leonato* of Mr. Harris and the *Antonio* of Mr. Crompton, the elders of the piece, were artistic reminders of the fact that in the old men of Shakespearian productions,

we usually see brought to the work the ease and ability born of experience in acting and so rarely found in their untrained juniors. The setting of the piece is sufficient, but far from extraordinary.

LIFE congratulates the Trust that it succeeds so far as it does in this striving for better things, even at three dollars and a half a seat. The Rogers Brothers and queer French farce, or London problem plays, are more in its line, but we should all be grateful that it has condescended to give William Shakespeare an encouraging pat on the shoulder.



MR. JOHN T. McCUTCHEON is a Chicago newspaper man who in pictures and text has been reporting for the *Chicago Tribune* the doings of the social world in Bird Center, Ill. These articles and drawings have been published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company. In newspaper and book form they are very, very funny. It goes without saying that Bird Center is an imaginary place, and that also creations of the imagination are such social lights as *Mrs. Riley Withersby*, the rich lady of the place, who gives a *bal poudré*, promotes æsthetic culture, and does other things to elevate the tone of the place; *Mr. Smiley Greene*, the popular undertaker, who is an able lieutenant of *Mrs. Withersby* in managing ceremonious functions; *Mr. Riley Peters*, who devotes himself to all the visiting young ladies; *Mr. J. Milton Brown*, the village tin-typist, who gives an artistic flavor to social occasions; *Mrs. Rev. Walpole*, the mother of the nine little rollicking Walpoles, who takes them with her to all the entertainments, and other types familiar in progressive American towns. These Mr. McCutcheon has pictured faithfully and most humorously, and their doings he has similarly chronicled in print.

Now comes the sad part. Mr. McCutcheon has permitted Bird



THE SWAP PARTY AT BIRD CENTER.

Center to go on the stage and under the dramatic chaperonage of Mr. Glen McDonough. Mr. McDonough is one of those *semper paratus*, Johnny-on-the-spot dramatists, who can write, re-write, arrange and re-arrange for the stage anything from Shakespeare to the Subway, and warrant to make it commonplace. He has done this admirably with Bird Center. If any one wishes a concrete example of what the present theatrical conditions are doing for dramatic authorship in America, he should first familiarize himself with Mr. McCutcheon's book, and then see what Mr. McDonough has made of it in the way of a play. The work of massacre has been helped by the gathering into the cast of a number of people who have not even the faintest qualifications for their tasks. The programme states that Mr. Julian Mitchell is the producer of the piece. He is more successful in other lines of work.

Bird Center was at best an elusive theme for a play. It has not been captured.

MAY IRWIN—no doubt with great reluctance on her own part and on that of her press agent—has just permitted the public to learn through the columns of the daily newspapers that her will contains a provision leaving \$25,000 to establish a National Theatre. \$25,000 seems a small amount for this purpose, but the provision is ingeniously drawn, so that under its terms, and if the maker of the will does not change her mind and destroy this particular one, the bequest might eventually provide the endowment needful for this laudable cause.

Bequests for public purposes, outside of church and missionary objects, are so rare by women that it may be interesting to indulge in the discourteous process of looking this gift horse in the mouth—if May Irwin and her press agent do not object. Their reticence goes so far as to let it be known that the \$25,000 does not become available until after the death of the clever and popular *chanteuse*. May that event be far off, but so far as LIFE is acquainted with the present age of the lady and her expectancy according to the tables, it is not likely to occur before 1925. At that time the sum is to be securely invested in bonds of the United States Government, and the interest reinvested until the total amounts to five million dollars, when half of the amount is to be

invested in a lot and the remainder to be used for the endowment of a theatre, at which shall be presented plays written only by American authors and acted only by American actors, with no seat to cost more than one dollar.

At the present market price, Government bonds pay something less than two per cent. interest, and the tendency is towards a yet lower rate, but, for the purpose of discovering just what this possible bequest means, let us allow that the two per cent. rate will prevail until the principal sum amounts to five millions. At two per cent. compound interest money doubles in about thirty-five years. We should have the \$25,000 in thirty-five years after it became available, that is, in 1960, become \$50,000.

In 1995	. . .	\$100,000
" 2030	. . .	200,000
" 2065	. . .	400,000
" 2100	. . .	800,000
" 2135	. . .	1,600,000
" 2170	. . .	3,200,000

and along about the year 2200 A. D., allowing a small expense in handling the bequest, the intended five millions would have accumulated. LIFE fears that before that time some one else will have anticipated May Irwin's generous intention. Or perhaps the price of real estate will have increased so that two and a half millions will not purchase an ordinary 25x100 lot, much less enough land for a National Theatre. Or perhaps the New Zealander will be buying a ticket from a surviving member of the Theatrical Trust to get a glimpse at the ruins of New York's last play-house.

The advocates of the National Theatre would be glad to commute that five millions of May Irwin's for a much smaller sum in cash to promote the enterprise. Fifty dollars in cash money would, for instance, make her a life member of the National Art Theatre Society, or two dollars in the same medium of exchange would make her an annual member of that Society. Either expenditure might possibly aid the cause more than the prospective five millions or contingent \$25,000.

LIFE again begs the pardon of May Irwin and her press agent for commenting thus publicly on her generous impulse, but, as said before, true public spirit in a woman's disposition of her property is so infrequent that it deserves notice.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

- Academy of Music*.—"The Wizard of Oz." Extravaganza. Funny and musical.
- Belasco*.—David Warfield in "The Music Master." Artistic semi-comedy.
- Bijou*.—May Irwin in "Mrs. Black Is Back."
- Broadway*.—Last week of "Love's Lottery," with Mme. Schumann-Heink as the star. Considerably higher class than the usual comic opera.
- Casino*.—Last week of "Piff, Paff, Pouf." Musical piece with many laughs.
- Criterion*.—Fay Davis in "The Rich Mrs. Repton."
- Daly's*.—"The Cingalee." London musical play. Uninteresting.
- Empire*.—"The Duke of Killcrankie." English society life out of drawing.
- Garden*.—George Ade's "The College Widow." Sketchy but laughable play of American college life.
- Garrick*.—Mr. Henry Miller in "Joseph Entangled." *Risque* but diverting English comedy by Henry Arthur Jones.
- Hudson*.—Ethel Barrymore in "Sunday."
- Knickerbocker*.—E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearian repertory. See opposite.
- Lyceum*.—Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore in repertory.
- Lyric*.—Mme. Réjane in repertoire of French plays.
- Majestic*.—"Bird Center." See above.
- Manhattan*.—Mrs. Fiske in the title role of "Hedda Gabler." An interesting performance.
- New York*.—"Parsifal" in English. An interesting and impressive production.
- Princess*.—Amelia Bingham in repertory.
- Savoy*.—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Character reproductions faithfully and divertingly done.
- Wallack's*.—"The Sho-Gun." Comic opera of the girly, glittery sort.
- Weber Music Hall*.—"Higgledy-Piggledy." Amusing mixture of joke, song and girl.



GOD'S GOOD MAN, whom we meet in Miss Marie Corelli's latest novel and philippic, is the clergyman of a small English village which is invaded by the smart set. As usual, the book is readable as to story and negligible as to philippic. Miss Corelli's dearest foe never accused her of carrying the concealed weapon of satire. When she fights (and when does she not?) she fights in the open, with a club, and not Don Quixote himself was more easily suited with antagonists. Providence doubtless had a hand in it. Suppose it had not rained before Waterloo! Suppose the shark's mouth were properly placed! Suppose Miss Corelli had the sense of humor!

In these days, when all real sentiment is spelled with a \$, and well-bred little boys shed their illusions with their long clothes and assume the virile toga of Tuxedo at the age of eight, one hesitates to praise anything so deplorably bourgeois as *The Flower of Youth*, by Roy Rolfe Gilson. There may, however, be left a few thousand unsophisticated readers who will enjoy Uncle Jerry's reminiscences of what great things he was going to do, and how he had to put up with happiness in default of better things.

The latest volume in the English Men of Letters series is devoted to *Maria Edgeworth*, and written by the Hon. Emily Lawless. The latter has an engaging talent for digression and the feminine gift of being pertinently inconsequential, and the rather unexpected result of their application to biographical writing is a somewhat haphazard but charmingly intimate picture of Maria Edgeworth the woman, of her family, her friends and her entourage.

G. Sidney Paternoster's circumstantial account of the thrilling career of *The Motor Pirate*, a twentieth century Dick Turpin, operating in the south of England, is a very successful effort to make the impossible seem real for a few hours. It is a well-spun yarn, and if the specifications of the pirate's wonderful car will not bear too close inspection, the students of motor catalogues will feel the more at home.

Two stories by S. Weir Mitchell appear in *New Samaria*. The first is a good magazine story, and describes the experience of a man of wealth accidentally stranded in the West without either money or means of identification. The second is a singularly unhappy attempt at sentiment, and gives one the same feeling of altruistic discomfort which one experiences when the valedictorian at a school commencement forgets her piece.

The statement of Mr. Brander Matthews, in his *Recreations of an Anthologist*, that the compilers of these volumes are merely collectors, working for their own amusement, takes a weight from our literary consciences. Many of us had feared that anthologies were published for our entertainment and that we were ungrateful. But, since anthologists are cousin-german to numismatists and philatelists, we can heartily sympathize with Miss Carolyn Wells and her *Parody Anthology*. What fun she must have had!

Brander Matthews has had his share of fun in this line, and the papers which make up *The Recreations of an Anthologist*—"Seed Corn for Stories," "American Satires in Verse," "Carols of Cookery," and so forth—are partly commentaries on the pursuit, and partly gleanings from a collector's surplusage.

J. B. Kerfoot.

God's Good Man. By Marie Corelli. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)
The Flower of Youth. By Roy Rolfe Gilson. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)

Maria Edgeworth. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. (The Macmillan Company. 75c.)
The Motor Pirate. By G. Sidney Paternoster. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)
New Samaria. By S. Weir Mitchell. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.25.)
A Parody Anthology. By Carolyn Wells. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
The Recreations of an Anthologist. By Brander Matthews. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.00.)

Formulæ for Heroines—Modern Style.

THE most embarrassing fact about our heroines is the necessity for describing them.

While there are no limits to the number of novels, there are, unfortunately, to the human form divine.

Let us first know, therefore, where we stand.

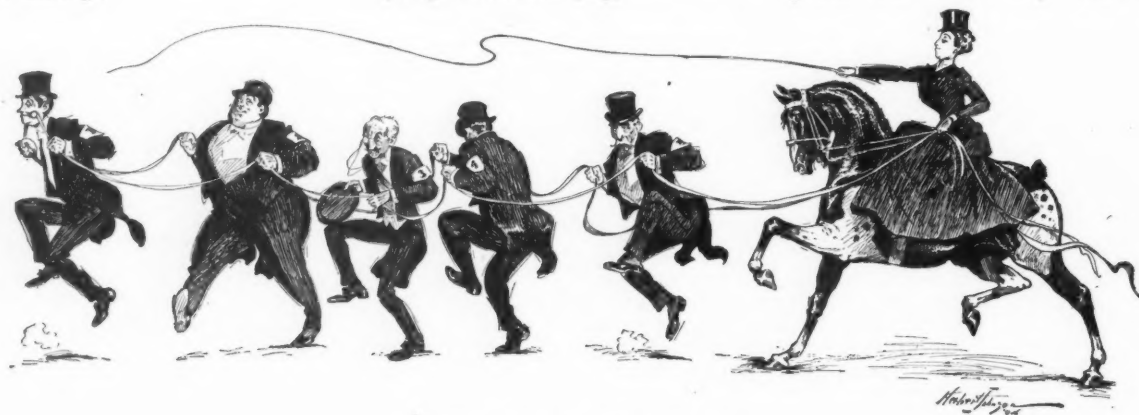
With some difficulty we have collected the following formulæ:

EXHIBIT A.

To say that Gertrude was beautiful would give no indication of her extraordinary charm. There was an indefinable something about the expression of her soft eyes that was not of this world. Her wonderful hair, that would have fallen several feet below the ground, if the ground were not in the way, was coiled in masses on her well-poised head. When she spoke, her voice—

EXHIBIT B.

Beryl, it is true, had a nose perfect in its classical lines. Her delicate, shell-like ears were like finely moulded marble. Her eyes were deep and lustrous, revealing depths of unknown power. But it was only when she



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"INDEED! I MAY COME HERE AS MUCH AS I PLEASE? THEN THERE IS AN ÆSTHETIC FEELING EVEN IN THIS PRIMITIVE COMMUNITY."
 "WAL, I DUNNO 'BAOUT THAT, BUT EZ I WAS GOIN' TEH SAY, WHAT BETWEEN THET THING THAR AN' YOU HYAR, THAR AIN'T BEN A CROW IN THE PATCH SENCE YE STARTED THE PICTER."

smiled that we saw that about her we had never known before.

EXHIBIT C.

Janet's perfect figure was silhouetted against the dark eastern sky. There was a slight flush on her cheeks that gave to her face an almost maddening touch of piquancy. She was of medium height, and yet, somehow, this did not strike one at first. She might have been, for aught we could say, either shorter or taller.

EXHIBIT D.

Ruth stood, her hands clasped, gazing downward with drooping eyelashes, fully three-quarters of an inch long, to the marble terrace below. No one would have dreamed that this frail girl, so delicate, so ethereal, was capable of

such passion. And yet her young form shook, until the whole house responded to her convulsive sobs. Then, with a supreme effort, she conquered herself, and once again her face reigned passive.

EXHIBIT E.

Ethel leaped lightly on her bronco. Her face was tanned with long exposure to the winds of Heaven. With a merry peal of laughter she dug the spurs into his flank, and, her golden hair flowing like a yellow stream, was off again before Jack had time to catch his breath.

Tom Masson.

Why Is It Thusly?

WOMEN are strange creatures. When they marry a hero, they want to make a pet of him, and when

they marry a man who is fitted by nature to be nothing but a pet, they insist on his being a hero.



A HOBBY OF HERS.



HIAWATHA ON STOCK COMPANIES.

"Every time," said Hiawatha,
"That I go inside a show shop
Where a stock troupe does the acting
I am forcibly reminded
Of a company of Injuns
Who, one winter, got together
In the land of the Dacotahs.
We were not much on the drama
In the land of the Dacotahs;
We were hummers on the warpath,
But in literature, music,
Art, the drama, and such matters,
We were nothing more than rummies.

"Came along, one winter morning,
From the country of the Blackfeet,
An illustrious old con man
Known as Shoot-the-Torrid-Ozone.
Very polished was this person,
Very siren-like his song was,
And he told us yap Dacotahs
That we were a clever people.
'I have journeyed here,' he told us,
'To promote the modern drama.
I shall organize a layout
That will beat the greatest Thespians
In the syndicate, my people.'
Then old Shoot-the-Torrid-Ozone
Started in to drill the natives.
He secured a leading lady
Known as Daughter-of-the-Muskrat.
Very handsome, very willowy,
With a Prospect-avenue wardrobe
And a wealth of auburn tresses.
Then he found a man for 'heavies'
Whom he called old Bass-Profundo.
Very tough was Bass-Profundo,
Very villainous and ugly.
He had scalped so many people
That his home was full of tresses.
He had punctured with his arrows
Probably three hundred Injuns.

Then old Shoot-the-Torrid-Ozone
Got a leading man from somewhere
In the country of the Blackfeet.
Green-Leaf-on-the-Tree his name was,
Green-Leaf-on-the-Tree we called him.



A HAPPY HOBBY.

Very tall was he, and comely,
Heavy with the matinée girls;
Every squaw of the Dacotahs
Went to hear this handsome Injun
Making love in dulcet whispers

To young Daughter-of-the-Muskrat.
Every squaw of the Dacotahs
Used to say in longing accents,
'Isn't he just simply lovely?'

"Then old Shoot-the-Torrid-Ozone
Packed the house at each performance
Till the braves all got together
And they held a consultation
Led by valiant Husky-Bison,
Who harangued them all as follows:
'Hearken to me, O my people;
Shall we blow in all our wampum
Buying tickets for our honeys
To enable them to listen
To this fascinating Injun—
Green-Leaf-on-the-Tree they call him—
Who is tearing off these love scenes
For old Shoot-the-Torrid-Ozone?
Shall this leading man, this winner,
Show us up and make us like it?
Not if I can queer the business!
All that my young squaw can think of
Is this leading man, my comrades.
He is all she ever talks of—
Green-Leaf-on-the-Tree for breakfast,
Green-Leaf-on-the-Tree for dinner,
Green-Leaf-on-the-Tree for supper!
Let us notify the owner
Of this actor-aggregation
That we shall no more support him!'

"This, my dearies, is the story
Of the rise and fall of acting
In the land of the Dacotahs.
This is a correct description
Of the first and only stock show
Ever managed by an Injun!"

—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

THE MIDNIGHT PROMENADE.

SHE: Henry!
HE: Huh?

"Just imagine baby is one of those sick friends
you sit up all night with."—*Harper's Bazar.*

FATHER (who has been called upon in the city and
asked for his daughter's hand): Louise, do you know
what a solemn thing it is to be married?

LOUISE: Oh, yes, pa; but it is a good deal more
solemn being single.—*Judy.*

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· LIFE ·



MOTHER: I understand Mr. Huggard is to call upon you again this evening.

ETHEL: Of course, mamma; we're engaged.

"What? Didn't I tell you not to give that young man any encouragement at all?"

"Yes, mamma; but he didn't need any encouragement."—*Philadelphia Press*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

"MAMMY, you don't seem to like Ephraim as well as you do the rest of the children."

"No, ma'am; I never could bear dat child. I 'spect it's kase he's too light a color and shows dirt so easy."—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*.

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SHE: And what did she say when you attempted to kiss her?

HE: She said she thought I was a gentleman.

"Well?"

"Oh, after I got through kissing her she didn't think anything about it; she knew it."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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ANGRY PATRON: Hello, Central! What did you cut me off for?

BOSTON TELEPHONE GIRL: Because you used a plural noun as the subject of a singular verb. You are not allowed to do that on this line, sir.—*Chicago Tribune*.

FIRST SHIPWRECKED TOURIST: Here we are, on a desert island, with no food in sight.

SECOND SHIPWRECKED TOURIST: What difference does that make? Didn't I save a box of Fonseca's cigars?

"Yes," said the first actress, "I've got a lovely new play for this season."

"What is it?" asked the other.

"A society drama in four acts and five new gowns."—*Exchange*.

"Her complexion is very clear," said the casual acquaintance.

"Yes, indeed," her dearest friend agreed; "anybody can see through it."—*Cleveland Leader*.

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The reason W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes and the high-grade leathers used, you would understand why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were

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The illustration shows



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The Land of "Here Insert."

"THE Land of Hope" and of "Pretty Soon,"

"The Land of the Never-to-be,"
And "The Land of Might" and "The Land of Dreams"

Are worked to the limit, see?
And other varieties of strange lands
Have steeled the poet's spurt:
But I—I sing of whichever you choose—
Of the Land of "Here Insert!"

Ah, all of the dreams of youth come true
In the land of (Here Insert!)
The girls have eyes of a wonderful hue
In the land of (Here Insert!)
Never a sorrow and never a pain,
Never a loss but always gain,
Ever the sun and never the rain
In the land of (Here Insert!)

Faith is a fadeless plant that grows
In the land of (Here Insert!)
And lips make mock of the red June rose
In the land of (Here Insert!)
And death sifts downward soft as sleep
On eyes that never have learned to weep,
And fine dress patterns are sold quite cheap
In the land of (Here Insert!)

And so, kind friends, if you happen to have
A special desire to sing
A land of any particular style,
Yet haven't the time for the thing,
Just take the second and third of these
Verses (easy as dirt!)
And put the name of your mythical land
Where it tells you to "Here Insert!"

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ONE of the notable inventions of the day—the Automatic Colt Pocket Pistol. Carries eight cartridges and has a firing velocity of 1,200 feet per second. The first shot can be discharged more quickly than from any arm made. Send for illustrated circular. Colt's Patent Firearms Co., Hartford, Conn.

A Sad Case.

SENATOR FAIRBANKS' first experience with practical politics was in connection with a county office for which he was a candidate. Politics in Indiana are very practical indeed, and the candidate is expected to make a house-to-house canvass as thorough as a census-taker's. In this particular year there was a full ticket, National, State and local.

On the first day of Mr. Fairbanks' visitations he drove up to a small farmhouse on a cross-road, and, swinging his feet easily outside the buggy, he addressed a woman who was leaning over the front gate.

"Madam," said the aspiring politician, "is your husband at home?"

"Yep," answered the woman.

"Can I see him?"

"Reckon you can, after a bit. He's down in the back pasture burying our dog."

"Ah, sorry to hear the dog is dead. What killed him?"

"Wearied himself out barking at candidates."—Saturday Evening Post.



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(UNFERMENTED)

Use Welch's Grape Punch Thanksgiving Day

Welch's Grape Juice makes a delicious light refreshment for special occasions. Serve clear or try this dainty punch: Juice of three lemons and one orange, one pint Welch's Grape Juice, one quart water, one cup sugar. Serve ice cold, if punch bowl is used add sliced orange and pineapple. You will find this beverage unequalled. Be sure you get WELCH'S when ordering of your druggist or grocer. IT'S PURE. Booklet with forty recipes free. 3-oz. bottle by mail ten cents.

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A Jefferson Anecdote.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON once told a friend that during his long stage career he had never been associated with any one showing undue familiarity with him save one individual, a man named Bagley, who some years ago was property man in the comedian's company.

This Bagley annoyed Mr. Jefferson very much by his somewhat offensive manners, but owing to the valuable services rendered by him, Mr. Jefferson had always been loath to take measures more severe than a reprimand. But finally the familiarity of the property man increased to an extent impossible to endure, so he was summarily discharged. This dismissal occurred just before the opening of Mr. Jefferson's engagement one year in Baltimore.

That night Bagley got exceedingly drunk. Paying his way into the theatre, he repaired to the gallery, there to see his old employer enact Rip Van Winkle.

The angry Gretchen had just driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage, when Rip turns, and, with a word of pathos, asks: "Den I haf no interest in der house?" The theatre was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice was heard in response:

"Only eighty per cent., Joe, old boy; only eighty per cent."—*Harper's Weekly*.

The Pot o' Pent.

"IAN MACLAREN" recounted this story in a lecture on Scottish humor:

In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbor called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued was thus:

"Cauld?"

"Ay."

"Gauln tae be weety (rainy), I'm thinkin'."

"Ay."

"Is John in?"

"Ou, ay! he's in."

"Can I see him?"

"Na."

"But a winted tae see him."

"Ay, but ye canna see him. John's deid."

"Deid?"

"Ay."

"Sudden?"

"Ay."

"Verra sudden?"

"Ay, very sudden."

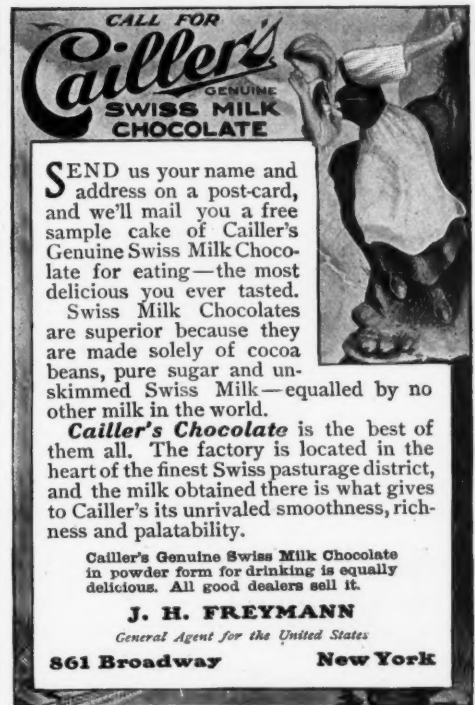
"Did he say anything about a pot o' green pent afore he deid?"—*Leaves from the Scrap-book of a Scottish Exile*.

Faithful Dog's Death Watch.

IT was a dog's bark which drew the attention of a gentleman to the dead body of Duncan Davie, farmer, Woodhall, Dumfriesshire, yesterday.

Mr. Davie had gone out with the animal to look over his stock, and while doing so he was taken ill and died, with only the faithful dog as witness.

The dog guarded the body of his dead master for hours.—*London Express*.



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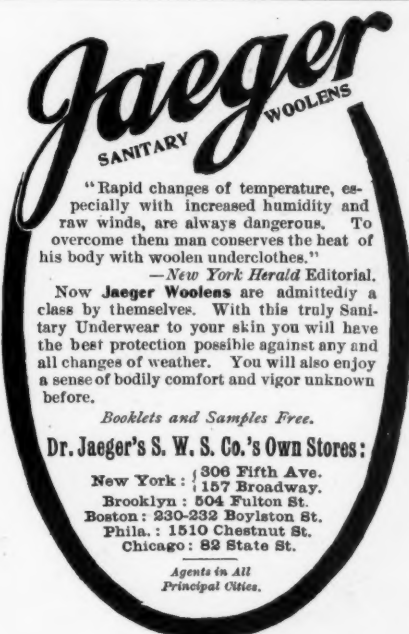
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—*New York Herald Editorial*.

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